

Are Good Natured and Able to Hold Their Own.
Tricks Played on St. Patrick's Day.

The Mulligan has all kinds of fun with himself and with his shipmates aboard on war. He has the most fun in picking upon his fellow Mulligans, and in making them red-headed, to borrow a phrase from the head of the parade. The Mulligans serving on one of the big cruisers that happened to be lying at the Brooklyn navy yard on the 15th of March last had plenty of fun with a first class fireman named Chinaman. The Mulligan was not only been in the outfit for a month, but there were some things in this country that didn't exactly suit him. The American Protective association was particularly distasteful to him. He talked about that organization at the time he was released upon the awful fate he wished to undertake each and every member of the association. It was a hobby of Madigan from the day he joined his ship, and he wouldn't tell about it to any of his fellow Mulligans. In the outfit didn't care a rap whether the American Protective association made its points stick or not, but they treated a whole lot of fun in telling madigan about that organization. He was now was acquiring upon the municipal, state and Federal governments in this country.

On the 17th of March Madigan's ship was to go back to sea. He had a little of the blandest Chinaman in the world, a st from Mott street, and he ached to things to please all hands. A lot of Madigan's tormentors got together around Chinaman and pointed out his duties to him. They had noted whatever duty the Chinaman's duties, but he didn't know that, and he was flattered over the attention they paid to him. Therefore, when they produced a dirty box-it had a little white shell with a brass handle filled with bright orange-buff paint, and told him to change the color of the dirty box from its dun-brown hue to that of the contents of the paint pot, the Chinaman was a little doubtful. The Mulligan had all hands assembled around Chinaman, and he thought he was doing just the right thing. When he had turned the dirty box orange the friends of Madigan instructed the Chinaman, who was a little doubtful with the brush, to paint in large black letters on the four sides of the box the letters "A. P. A." The Chinaman did as he was told. He had finished lettering three of the sides of the paint box, and was about to finish the fourth side with the letters "A. P. A." inscription when Madigan came above from the fireroom, where he had been on watch, and he made immediately for his dirty box to get his pipe and to see if he could find the box, and he came to the break of the ship. He was at that time. Seantime his friends had altered away from the Chinaman, who was industriously doing his "A. P. A." keeing.

When Madigan caught sight of the box in English language failed him. So he re-

ter's mate along. Donovan had been ashore two days overtime, and when he came aboard, just as the mudhook was being lifted, he was tired. He looked tired, too. He wasn't alarmed into the brig for his liberty breaking, but the skipper decided to reserve a good roast for him when the Mulligan should get sober enough to attend to him. The anchor came up and away the ship started for a port a hundred miles or so away. Donovan had gone forsworn, with his legs sticking down one of the torpedo tubes. Nobody paid any attention to him in the excitement of getting under way. After the ship was out of the port of Nice ten knots or so, one of the guys over the ship for the inquiry, "Where's Donovan?"

No one had seen Donovan since he plunked himself down in the eyes of the ship, with his feet hanging down the torpedo tube. Nobody could find him. He couldn't be found. The commanding officer was notified. An official search was made for Donovan, and every nook and cranny of the ship was overhauled. Donovan was on the list of the missing. He was dead. The officers thought he might have taken refuge under the inspiration of the chant he had found in Nice, but he wasn't to be found.

Donovan went to sleep with his legs hanging down one of the forward torpedo tubes," reported the chief master-at-arms to the commanding officer, "and when we struck the swell he probably slipped through and went overboard."

But when the ship was a commanding officer nervously, "this is too bad. Are not there enough of you fellows forward to take care of a shipmate when he comes aboardship with a drop too much? Shame on you, to let the man meet such a fate."

But when the ship was a commanding officer was immediately marked in the log as having accidentally gone over the side, and the skipper cogitated upon the sort of report he would have to make upon it. The all hands' meeting was called, and the lamp was lighted and talked of what a good all around Mulligan he had been. They felt rather cheap that they hadn't taken better care of him.

"Good-bye, all hands!" was soon after just before the ship pulled into the port she was making for. There was a scene of life and activity aboard. The officers were all at their stations, as usual, when "all hands" goes before an interesting port is about to be made.

One of the younger marine officers had charge of the rapid fire guns on the forward fighting top. He thought he'd take a look at his station near the top of the forward stack, and he climbed up the

A black and white portrait of Silas Wright Terry, a man with a mustache wearing a military uniform, framed in an oval. The portrait is a detailed engraving showing him from the chest up. He has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the right. His uniform features a high collar with stripes and several buttons. The entire portrait is enclosed within a thin oval border.

Filled with deep sorrow, this camp has to record the death of one who had found a lodgement in the hearts of all Confederate veterans, because she was the daughter of the chief executive of the Confederate

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